

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Eard. Farwell Hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Pist. Let Huswiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee command.

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt

Flourish.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs, And more then carefully it vs concerne, To answer Royally in our defences. Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine, Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth, And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre With men of courage, and with meanes defendant: For England his approaches makes as fierce, As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe. It fits vs then to be as proud, As feare may teach vs, out of late examples Left by the fatall and neglected English, Vpon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father, It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe: For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome, (Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question) But that Defences, Musters, Preparations, Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, As were a Warre in expectation. Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth, To view the sick and feeble parts of France: And let vs doe it with no shew of feare, No, with no more, then if we heard that England Were busied with a Whiston Morris-dance: For my good Liege, there is so idly King'd, Her Scepter so phantastically borne, By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth, That feare attends her not.

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin, You are too much mistaken in this King: Question your Grace the late Embassadors, With what great State he heard their Embassie, How well supply'd with Noble Councillors, How modest in exception; and withall, How terrible in constant resolution: And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent, Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*, Covering Discretion with a Coat of Folly; As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable. But though we thinke it so, it is no matter: In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh The Enemy more mightie then he seemes, So the proportions of detence are fill'd: Which of a weake and niggardly protection, Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King *Harry* strong: And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him. The Kindred of him hath bene flesht vpon vs:

And he is bred out of that bloodie straine, That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes: Witnesse our too much memorable shame, When Cressly Battell fatall was stricke, And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales: Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne, Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare The Native mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from *Harry* King of England, Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie.

King. Weele giue them present audience. Goe, and bring them.

You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends. *Dolphin.* Turne head, and stop pursuit: for coward Dogs Most spend their mouths, whē what they seem to threaten Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne Take vp the English short, and let them know Of what a Monarchie you are the Head: Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne, As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie: He wills you in the Name of God Almighty, That you deuote your selfe, and lay apart The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen, By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne, And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times, Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know 'Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Clayme, Picked from the worme-holes of long-vanish'd dayes, Nor from the dust of old Obluion rakt, He sends you this most memorable Lyne, In euery Branch truly demonstrative; Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree: And when you find him euently deriu'd From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors, *Edward* the third; he bids you then resigne Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held From him, the Native and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it. Therefore in fierce Tempest is he coming, In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Toune*: That if requiring faile, he will compell. And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord, Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre Opens his vast Iawes: and on your head Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes, The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes, For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers, That shall be swallowed in this Controuersie. This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message: Vlesse the Dolphin be in presence here; To whom exprefely I bring greeting to.

King. For

King. For vs, we will consider of this further: To morrow shall you beare our full intent Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,

I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,

And any thing that may not mis-become

The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.

Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse

Do not in graunt of all demands at large,

Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;

Heele call you to so hot an Answer of it,

That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France

Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock

In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,

It is against my will: for I desire

Nothing but Odde with England.

To that end, as marching to his Youth and Vanitie,

I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. Heele make your Paris Louer snake for it,

Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:

And be assur'd, you'll find a diff'rence,

As we his Subjects haue in wonder found,

Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,

And these he masters now: now he weighs Time

Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade

In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.

King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Flourish.

Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King

Come here himselfe to question our delay;

For he is footed in this Land already.

King. You shall be soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.

A Night is but small breathe, and little pawse,

To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies, In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought. Suppose, that you haue seene The well-appointed King at Douer Peer, Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet, With silken Streamers, the young *Phobus* sayning; Play with your Fancies: and in them behold, Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing; Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue To sounds confus'd: behold the threaten'd Sayles, Borne with th' inuisible and creeping Wind, Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea, Bresting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke You stand vpon the Riuaige, and behold A Citie on th' inconstant Billowes dauncing: For so appeares this Fleet Maiesticall, Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow: Grapple your minds to sterneage of this Nauie, And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still, Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women, Eyther past, or not arriu'd to pyth and puissance: For who is he, whose Chin is but enrich

With one a
These cull'd
Worke, wo
Behold the
With fatall
Suppose th
Tells *Harry*
Katherine hi
Some petty
The offer li
With Lyns

And downe
And eech o

Enter

King. O
Deare frien
Or close the
In Peace, th
As modest
But when th
Then imitat
Stiffen the s
Disguise fai
Then lend t
Let it pry th
Like the Br
As feareful
O're-hang
S-will'd wit
Now set th
Hold hard
To his full
Whose blo
Fathers, th
Haue in the
And heath
Dishonour
That those
Be Coppy
And teach
Whose Ly
The mettel
That you a
For there is
That hath
I see you st
Straying v
Follow yo
Cry, God f

E
Bard. C
Nim.)

hot: and
the humor
of it.

Pist. Th
bound: Kr
dye: and S
immortall

Boy. W
would giu